

# DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

A DRAMA

IN

THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M.M. DUMANOIS AND DENNERY.

BY

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THOMAS HAILES LACY  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

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## CHARACTERS.

CHARLES II. ( <i>King of Spain</i> ).....	MR. WALTON.
DON JOSE ( <i>his Minister</i> ).....	MR. FITZJAMES.
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.....	MR. JAMES WALLACE.
MARQUIS DE ROTONDO.....	MR. GRANBY.
LAZARILLO.....	MISS MARSHALL.
LOPEZ.....	MR. T. HILL.
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.....	MR. A. HARRIS.
JUDGE.....	MR. HONNER.
PACOLO.....	MR. COWLRICK.
MARITANA ( <i>the Gipsy</i> ).....	MRS. STIRLING.
COUNTESS DE ROTONDO.....	MRS. FOSBROOKE.

Nobles, Soldiers, Men-at-Arms, Alguazils, and Populace.

## COSTUMES.

*The King*.—A rich brown Spanish dress, trimmed with gold lace, slashed with black satin, silk stockings with gold clocks, black shoes, large Spanish hat with black feathers, one red ditto, point lace collar and cuffs.

*Don Cæsar*.—First Dress: Old blue velvet trunks, leather doublet, brown velvet sleeves, old brown sombrero with old feathers, large buff and red striped cloak, torn point lace collar and cuffs, old silk stockings.—Second dress: Rich emerald green velvet Spanish dress, slashed with white satin, jacket of white satin, cloak of white satin, turn back, embroidered with broad philaetries of dead and bright gold, white hat, white feathers, white silk stockings, shoes, with gold and satin rosettes, and dress trimmed with satin of the same.—Third dress: Blue cloth doublet and breeches, blue silk stockings, jacket looped with black velvet, black velvet hat, blue feathers, point lace collar and cuffs, sword, black boots.

*Don Jose*.—Amber jacket, purple velvet cloak, trunks richly trimmed with gold and bows of crimson satin ribbon, drab hat with one blue feather, russet boots, point lace cuffs and collar.

*Marquis De Rotondo*.—Scarlet cloth shape, blue velvet cloak richly trimmed with gold lace, bows of blue ribbon, russet boots, white gauntlets, black velvet hat, feather, lace cuffs and collar.

*Lazarillo*.—First dress: Green cloth doublet, orange cloth sleeves and breeches, braided with black, loops, and plated buttons; green stockings, russet shoes, black hat.—Second dress: Violet velvet tab'd jacket, full breeches, looped with scarlet ribbon; scarlet silk under sleeves, scarlet silk stockings, black shoes, rosettes.

*Lopez*.—Black Spanish suit.

*Arquebusiers*—Buff coats and full Spanish breeches, buff boots, helmets and breastplates.

*Maritana*.—First dress: Amber petticoat trimmed with scarlet, scarlet over-dress open in front, scarlet body, Neopolitan apron and cap.—Second dress: White satin with blue flounces, blue body trimmed with black lace.—Third dress: Black velvet tunic open in front, trimmed with silver; under dress of blue satin, frill of lace, blond veil, head-dress of flowers and pearls, with coronet.

*Marchioness*.—Scarlet tunic dress over white satin, trimmed with gold and black lace, black velvet head-dress trimmed with scarlet ribbon and lace.

*Time of representation, one hour and fifty minutes.*

# DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public place in Madrid—a fountain C.—a wine house L. 3 E. A group of singers and dancers discovered.*

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Comrades, tread a merry measure,  
Here are those who'll purchase pleasure ;  
Dance ! sing! dance ! sing !  
See! already, coin in plenty  
From their purses they have sent ye;  
Dance! sing!

OMNES. Maritana! (*Music*)

*Enter MARITANA., U. E. L., back of wine house, gaily dressed (as a street dancer), the group make way for her. She is following the KING, who is disguised in a cloak, &c.; he regards her attentively. DON JOSE follows at a distance, watching.*

MARIT. A maravedi, Sir; only one ; ah ! (*the KING takes out his purse*) I have lost the power of charming coin from purses. (*the KING drops money in her tambourine, and exits hastily, L.*) No, no! what, gold! a doubloon! yes, and yet I feared to approach that noble cavalier, he seemed so cross and melancholy. (*she turns to group, and converses with them as though narrating her good fortune*)

DON J. (L.) (*looking off*) I was not mistaken—it is the King ! Thrice have I found him watching this pretty wench, seemingly spell-bound by her grace and beauty.

MARIT. Yes, friends, it is my birth-day : therefore I devote these pieces to mirth and revelry. There ! (*throws them money*)  
Away with you ! I'll join you presently.

(*Music. Exeunt into wine store.*)

MARIT. (*going, pauses*) A doubloon! neither song nor dance was worth so large a recompense.

DON J. Your good fortune seems to have made you thoughtful.

MARIT. Signor! Oh, no, no ! (*gives money*)

DON J. A golden piece, was it not ? Here is its fellow.

MARIT. For me?

DON J. Yes, pretty one, for you.

MARIT. Thank you, Signor, but—

DON J. Well, what fear you ?

MARIT. The influence of this glittering tempter. (*holds up money*) When I was a child, my step was light, and my song the tuneful echo of my merry heart; but now, when the hopes and fears of womanhood have made both heart and step less buoyant than of old, my reward is greater, should I not fear ?

DON J. I do not understand you.

MARIT. You *will* not, Signor. Think you that I am a woman, and know not that I am fair? Men tell me so by words and looks a hundred times a-day. Think you that I am a woman and love not the incense that is offered to my beauty ? or that I seek not to adorn the shrine that claims so many worshippers ?

DON J. Go on. I see no cause for fear.

MARIT. Ah ! again you will not. The songstress of the street, the mime who treads the measures for the pleasure of the crowd, knows well the worth men set upon her, Signor ; she covets gold to free her from bondage, and grows ambitious of a higher sphere. Each word of praise is as a breath to fan the sleeping flame; each gift is fuel to the growing fire.

DON J. (*aside*) The very instrument I need !

MARIT. Have I not cause to fear the end ?

DON J. No.

MARIT. No! when thus I'm tempted, (*shows money*)  
haunted as I am by a vague presentiment, a secret hope—

DON J. Indeed!

MARIT. Yes, yes; since I attracted the gracious notice of  
the Queen, I have thought my ambition no longer criminal.

DON. J. Let me be prophet of your future fortunes;  
confide in me, and all you desire shall be accomplished.

MARIT. All accomplished?

DON. J. I have the power to make your dreams realities.  
Your wish shall be the law of nobles.

MARIT. (*aside and pleasantly excited*) I cannot breathe.

DON. J. Come! to-morrow shall see you the glory of  
Madrid. (*takes her hand*)

MARIT. No, no! (*Flourish heard, L. U. E.*)

SHOUTS (*within*). Viva! the Queen! viva! the Queen!

MARIT. Ah! the Queen! I will trust alone to her.

*Exit, L. U. E.*

DON. J. Indeed, fair maiden! I have mastered more  
difficult intrigues than the conquest of a woman. The King  
admires this pretty piece of vanity; hem! The mistress  
of the King must care for him who raised her to dignity.  
One obstacle alone presents itself: the humble origin of  
Maritana. That must be concealed. The Queen will learn  
the wrong she has sustained, and, woman-like, resent it.  
(*goes up*) Oh, dare I hope so full a consummation of my  
wildest dreams? (*a noise within, L. U. E., and cries of "Down  
with him"*) What tumult's this! (*looks off*) The followers  
of Maritana? Ah! she appears amongst them, and by her  
presence has silenced them. The object of their anger comes  
this way; what strange fantastic fellow have we here?

*Enter DONCÆSAR from wine house, L. U. E., followed by a  
crowd murmuring, and MARITANA, who interposes and  
persuades them to retire, L. U. E.*

DON. C. (R.) The curs! but that it would have disgraced  
my sword, I'd have spitted them like larks. That black  
scoundrel's stiletto would have found a sheath in the noble  
Don Caesar de Bazan, but for yon pretty dancing girl.  
Where have I seen her? Ah! I remember—at Seville,  
when I pinked a coxcomb who thought that the cherries on  
her lips were to be plucked gratis. (*crosses, L.*)

DON. J. (*aside*) As I live, 'tis Don Caesar de Bazan; my  
old college friend at Salamanca.

DON. C. (*feeling his pockets*) Not a maravedi! By the aid of the dice box, the rogues have cleaned me out as though they had been noblemen and men of honour. I must now trust to the air and the sky for board and lodging; well, my supper will be light and my room airy.

DON. J. Am I mistaken in addressing you as Don Cæsar de Bazan ?

DON. C. Eh! no, Signor; what, Don Jose de Santarem ?

DON. J. (*giving his hand*) The same.

DON. C. (*aside*) His doublet is of three-pile velvet—what can he want with me ?

DON. J. When last we met, you were young and prosperous.

DON. C. Ah! you perceive the alteration, (*looks at his dress*) but I was always fond of change.

DON. J. You inherited a noble name and a princely fortune.

DON. C. True; I've preserved the one and spent the other. Is my name of any service to you ?

DON. J. I thank you, no. I had hoped you would have done great things, Don Caesar.

DON. C. So I have; if you doubt me, ask my creditors.

DON. J. I thought your father paid your debts when you quitted Salamanca.

DON. C. So he did, worthy soul! so he did; but then, from the force of habit, I acquired new ones.

DON. J. You have paid somewhat dearly for a life of pleasure.

DON. C. Possibly; though I have freed myself now from all anxieties. I've no money, so I am not teased by poor relations. I've no lands, so am without grumbling tenantry. I've no particular destination, so never take a wrong turning. I've nothing to support but my sword, (*points to broken scabbard*) and that keeps a sharp look out for itself.

DON. J. Why have you visited Madrid ?

DON. C. (*tenderly*) Madrid! my native city! why have I revisited thee? But for the hope, Don Jose, the sweet, though foolish hope, that I should there find I had lost all, ay, all—(*pauses and covers his face*)

DON. J. Your follies ?

DON. C. No, all my creditors; but I was deceived; creditors never die—their number is increased.

DON J. Indeed ! how ?

DON C. Most of them have children; creditors will have children, heirs to their ledgers ; and the amount of my debts will mingle with their earliest recollections.

DON. J. What plans have you got for profit ?

DON. C. None. (*shows empty pockets*) I've not wherewithal to make stakes with a street beggar.

DON. J. Your enjoyments, then, will be few, for pleasure is costly.

DON. C. Hem! I must content me with what I can get; a brisk quarrel is easily procured ; so I will amuse myself with fighting (*crosses L.*)

DON. J. There, too, fortune is against you.

DON C. How?

DON J. The Carnival Week commences to-day ; and the King has issued an edict making it death to engage in a duel.

DON C. What! death for the thrust of a sword ? How human nature has degenerated !

DON J. Nay, the restriction is but for one week, the Carnival Week; you will have the rest of the year to enjoy yourself.

DON. C. A whole week ! 'tis hard for one who has nothing but a hot temper to warm his thin blood; but you who are by the bye, Don Jose, what are you?

DON J. I—I am nothing.

DON. C. Nothing ! then we are still on an equality.

*Enter LAZARILLO and PACOLO, a water carrier, L. 2 E.*

PAC. Nay, Signor Lazarillo, do not spurn my good offices; you have been cruelly used, that's the truth on't.

LAZA. (C.) Thank you, comrade, thank you. Think me not proud or ungrateful; I have but one desire, and that is—to die. (*crosses L.—DON JOSE muses aside*)

DON C. To die before your beard grows ?

PAC. Ay, Sir, he would drown himself.

DON C. How ! Drown ? In water ? Exchange this bright and lovely earth for muddy water ! The thought on't gives one the ague ; at your age to wish for death ! you—you can't be plagued by creditors !

LAZA. No, Signor ; I am an apprentice to the armourer who has in charge the arquebusses of the Royal Guards.

DON C. Well, that's no reason that you should drown yourself.

LAZA. No, Signor ; but this morning, under the pretext that the arms were neglected, the captain ordered me to receive fifty lashes.

DON C. (*indignantly*) Fifty!

LAZA. It was not the number, Signor; I do not mind suffering, but one blow is too much to bear.

DON C. (*crosses to DON JOSE, R.*) The boy is a true Spaniard; (*familiarly*) We—We must speak in his favour, Don Jose.

LAZA. My lieutenant interceded for me, but in vain, Signor.

DON C. Possibly ; but he will not refuse the request of such noble advocates as ourselves, (*takes DON JOSE'S arm*) Don Jose.

DON J. Pardon me; (*releasing his arm gently*) but at present, there are reasons for my non-interference.

DON C. Oh, very well! then the boy must be dependent upon my influence alone. (*footsteps heard*)

LAZA. (*looks off, L. U. E.*) Ah ! I am pursued ! I shall be again degraded. (*going*)

DON C. Stay ! place yourself behind me, we will defend you.

DON J. We!

DON C. Yes, Don Caesar and his sword ! (*about to draw*)

DON J. You forget the Royal edict.

DON C. The        (*about to utter an imprecation—removes his hat*) But it is the Carnival Week.

*Trumpet. Enter CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS, L. 2 E., they cross at back to R.*

CAP. There is your prisoner, secure him.

DON C. (*interfering humbly*) One moment, captain ;—allow me, suffer me, to humbly intercede for this young delinquent.

CAP. (*To SOLDIERS, who pause, and not regarding DON CÆSAR*) Soldiers! why do you pause ?

(*the SOLDIERS advance*)

LAZ. Oh, mercy ! captain, mercy!

DON C. You do not hear him, captain ; the poor lad sues for mercy. Let me (*uncovering*) join with him in supplicating pardon.

CAP. (*to LAZARILLO*) Back to your duty, sirrah! I heed neither your tears nor the mouthings of this sottish mummer.

DON C. (*indignantly*) What! (*recollecting himself*) That cursed edict! Oh, if it were not the Hanging Week! (*calmly*) But, captain, if he returns, no blows; see, tears! they are not easily wrung from so brave a heart. (CAPTAIN *crosses* R.) Pardon, captain. (*detains him by the cloak*)

CAP. (*matching it away*) Unhand me! (*takes stage to R.*)

DON C. (*indignantly*) Dare—(*recollecting*) Oh, that edict! that cursed edict!

DON J. (*aside to DON CÆSAR, C, and going up*) Hard words, Don Caesar.

DON C. (*to CAPTAIN*) One word more. You are a gentleman and a soldier, so am I; I have pledged my honour to protect this boy, you understand; I have sued, implored you to forgive.

CAP. You have my answer. (*crosses L*)

DON C. No: what I solicited in vain, I must now compel.

CAP. Insolent!

DON. C. Enough. In spite of the royal edict, I must have the *amende*, my noble captain.

CAP. How?

DON C. How! with my sword, which will ennoble yours by the contact. I am Don Cæsar de Bazan, (*replacing his hat*) Count de Garofa, possessing the right to remain covered in the presence of the King. I have sued to you, humbly sued to you, and you have insulted me and the royal edict. (*draws*)

CAP. A challenge!

DON C. Yes, which you will accept, if you have either shame or courage.

CAP. You shall not doubt the latter; follow me, and receive the proof.

*Exit, L. 2 E.*

LAZ. (R.) You fight for me, oh, no! I will return, Don Cæsar.

DON. C. (R.C.) You shall, my gallant lad, to your lieutenant, who would have spared you the ignominy of a blow; be patient, and in ten minutes I will make him a captain.

*Exeunt all but DON JOSE, L. 2 E.*

DON J. Don Cæsar was the best swordsman in Madrid; should he retain his cunning, my plans will soon have a happy consummation; the edict enforced, Don Caesar's reckless nature will make him the easy means of Maritana's advancement. Ah! here comes the fair enslaver of the King.

*Enter MARITANA, L. U. E. ; she wears a scarf of gaudy colors.*

MARIT. Again the Queen has smiled upon me. It is no idle phantasy that fills my brain; some lucky accident may place me at the height of my ambition. (*sees DON JOSE*) Ah! Signor.

DON J. I would fain know what pleasant thoughts gave birth to such bright smiles, Maritana.

MARIT. The Queen, Signor, the Queen!—You see I have not been a niggard of your gift, (*shows scarf*)

DON J. And you think yourself rich in the possession of such a trifle. Confide in me, and ere long the gayest lady of the court shall yield to you in splendour.

MARIT. I dare not listen to you. I dare not trust the longing of my heart.

DON. J. Wherefore?

MARIT. My roving life has taught me truths beyond the common experience of my years. I have seen the rich man's idol of to-day the outcast of to-morrow. No, no, (*mournfully*) my destiny is known to me.

DON J. You do not believe your own prophecies; you may gull the dullards who bribe you to promise fortune, but know yourself the cheat. I will show you *my* skill in palmistry; (*takes her hand*) to-morrow you shall be a countess.

MARIT. (*delighted*) A countess ! (*pauses*) A countess but in name.

DON J. Nay, by right of honorable alliance. You know me not, or you would not doubt my power to realise the hopes I have awakened. You rescued but now a stranger from the extortions of your band.

MARIT. Yes, yes; he saved me from insult, I but repaid the debt I owed him.

DON J. Though now a ruined spendthrift, he is of noble lineage. He loves you, Maritana.

MARIT. (*appears affected*) Indeed ! Signor.

DON J. I have promised to be his advocate ; should you consent to share his name and fortunes, I will restore him to position.

MARIT. Have you the power ?

DON J. Don Jose, the favourite minister of Charles of Spain, could do much more.

MARIT. And you are—

DON J. Don Jose, commissioned by the Queen to raise Maritana to the rank she covets.

MARIT. Indeed ! then I have not dreamed; I have not trusted to phantom hopes.

DON J. Before to-morrow, I will prove their reality.

*Murmurs heard. MARITANA appears overpowered.*

DON J. (*looks off—aside*) Ah! fortune befriends me; Don Cæsar is the victor, and already in the hands of the alguazils. (*Music is heard*)—(*aloud*) Your hand, fair lady ; let me lead you to your honours.

*Exeunt, R.*

*Clock chimes and strikes Five at change of Scene.*

SCENE II. *A passage in the prison.*

*Enter PEDRO R., and LOPEZ L.*

PEDRO. Good news, good news! The Royal Idiot has sent you a prisoner.

LOPEZ. Good news, truly! It is now a week since I had the pleasure of turning a key upon any one, but my wife. But are you sure the news is true ?

PEDRO. True? I saw the duel; I saw the hot-blooded ruffler in the presence of the Alcade, who has been idle too long to let a chance escape him. See! they are conducting him through the gate. I must prepare for his reception.

*Exeunt L.*

SCENE III. *A prison; doors, R. and L. Clock (to work)  
A table and stools.*

DON CÆSAR *and* LAZARILLO *discovered. R.*

LAZA. Arrested, tried, and condemned, all within an hour; he has but two hours to live!

DON C. (*sitting R. C, looking at clock*) Two hours more; how the deuce am I to pass my time? I shall die of *ennui* (*takes a chair and sits, L. C.—pause*) If you were in my place, and had a couple of hours before you, how would you employ them?

LAZA. In recalling the errors of my past life.

DON C. What, in two hours? You must be very ignorant of my biography; recall my past errors—no, there is no time for that. I'll make my will; no, that would not consume two minutes.

LAZA. Oh, Signor (*taking his hand and sobbing*), I have been the cause of this; it is for me you are about to die. Is there no service by which I can show my regret, my gratitude?

DON C. Yes, you can oblige me materially.

LAZA. Oh, how? say how! (*clinging to his hand*)

DON C. By showing a little more regard for my lace ruffe; see, how you've torn it!

LAZA. Alas! Is there no one to entreat your pardon from the King? No one has *yet* pleaded for you.

DON C. Nay, boy, all are not so indifferent to my fate. There was one venerable old man who threw himself in the path of the King, regardless of the wheels of the royal carriage, or the hoofs of the royal mules; he stretched forth his trembling hands, while tears bedewed his aged cheeks, and, in accents broken by emotion, he implored "Pardon, pardon, for Don Caesar."

LAZA. Ah! it was "the old count," your father!

DON C. No: it was one of my creditors: see how wrong you were.

LAZA. But of all your noble friends and companions not one has come to visit you.

DON C. A mark of their good feeling, Lazarillo; to see me in my present position would be more than they could bear; so out of kindness they keep away.

DON JOSE *has entered during the preceding speech.*

DON J. (*coming down, R.*) Excepting me.

DON C. Don Jose!

*At a sign from DON JOSE, LAZARILLO exits, R. D.*

DON J. You seem surprised; you wrong me; I was always your friend; and do I not prove my sincerity by coming to you when all is over?

DON C. If your friendship was to be of any practical service, you might have made your visit a little earlier; but I confess if I had looked for sympathy, yours would have been the last I should have expected.

DON J. I may yet be in time to serve you; you have but two hours to live.

DON C. I beg your pardon, (*looking at clock, which now is a quarter past five*) it is an hour and three quarters; the error is of no consequence, but we may as well be right when we can, for life is *very* short.

DON J. Yours may be long enough to enable us to understand each other. Come: let us sit, I wish to speak with you.

DON C. With pleasure, (*they sit*) for my time is all your own.

DON J. Well, then, Don Cæsar—

DON C. Well, Don Jose.

DON J. If I had it in my power to grant any demand, what would be your dying request?

DON C. My dying request? to live, to be sure.

DON. J. As the King's favourite minister, and as your friend, if you will accept the conditions I am about to propose, I swear to grant whatever you ask, always excepting life—that I cannot promise.

DON C. It's awkward, as that happens to be almost the only thing I'm likely shortly to want.

DON J. Is there nothing else?

DON C. Nothing—stay, you saw a boy, did you not, as you entered?

DON J. The one to whom you owe your present position?

DON C. Yes: I believe I *do* owe him that. But, I owe something to everybody. I should not like him to be at the mercy of the world when I am gone; will you assist him?

DON J. Yes, I will provide for him.

DON C. That is kind: I will pay you beforehand—with a thousand thanks.

DON J. Have you nothing else to ask—consider?

DON C. Hum, no, I think that's all.

DON J. (*aside*) He will never accede to my plan, for such a trifling recompense. (*aloud*) Don Caesar, have you thought of the manner of your death?

DON C. Yes! I know all; (*rises*) a rope! would that death came by sword or arquebuss; but a rope! Yes, I think I have one request, Don Jose.

DON J. Name it.

DON C. I would bequeath the gallows to my creditors; but let me be dispatched by the arquebusses of a dozen brave fellows; in short, let me die like a gentleman.

DON J. You shall have your wish.

DON C. You will not deceive ?

DON J. I swear it on the honour of a soldier.

DON C. You give me new life; that is to say, you have taken away half the inconvenience of death, if I receive it at the hands of brave men. I should like to drink with the worthy fellows

DON J. Drink with them! You, the Count de Bazan ?

DON C. I've drunk in worse company ere this; besides, if I am their superior now, they will soon have the advantage of me. You promised to grant my wish.

DON J. And I will: a banquet shall be prepared for you, that shall recal the revels of past times. Is that all ?

DON C. Yes, that's all; and now for your conditions: what do you require of me ? (*both sit down*)

DON J. Not much for a man in your position. I simply require you to marry. (*Clock now at half-past five.*)

DON C. Hum! to marry! I don't see the use of that. What can be the good of it for an hour and a half?

DON J. That is a mystery.

DON C. A mystery, indeed ! It can't be for my fortune, because I have nothing to leave, except my debts and my name. Ah, my name has still some value. I see it all; some woman wishes to be called a countess—is it not so ?

DON J. It may be,

DON C. Well, she shall have it. It is nothing to me. I want to fill up my time : marriage is an occupation, and one may be as good as another; it's for so short a time, we can't have many matrimonial differences.

DON J. You agree to confer the title of Countess de Garofa.

DON C. Together with my interest in the county of Garofa, if you can find I have any remaining. But, by the bye, what's my wife's name ? is she young and pretty ?

DON J. You must not ask me.

DON C. Ah, I understand. I'll wager my life—(*rises*)—no, by the bye, that's not mine—but the lady is at least fifty! No! matter—the bargain's struck, and I'll marry with my eyes shut.

DON J. You need not do that; a thick veil will so effectually shut out your face, that it will be unseen by the Countess de Bazan.

DON C. Thank you for your your delicate consideration—it will spare me from perceiving the full extent of my sacrifice; and the lady, the pain of observing the condition of the bridegroom.

DON J. Your attire is hardly suitable to a wedding.

DON C. It is my travelling dress, somewhat frayed and stained: I wear it as the last gift of my tailor.

DON J. (*goes up to L. D.*) I have taken care to provide a costume more fitted for the occasion; and in the adjoining apartment you will find all prepared.

DON C. Do as you please; I am at your disposal. Deck me as gaily as you will; crown me with roses, ere you lead me to the altar—I shall then seem more fitted for the sacrifice. *Exit D. L. 2 E.*

(*Clock now at a quarter to six.*)

DON J. Ordinary diplomatists would let that man be hanged, and make no use of him. By superior tact, I shall make him him subject to the attainment. of my fondest wishes. (*calls*) Ho! Pedro!

PEDRO *enters, R.*

Let a banquet be prepared in this apartment immediately; send Lazarillo to me; the boy in attendance on the prisoner. (PEDRO *exits, R. 2 E.*) At length, my fair Maritana, my prediction is about to be fulfilled; this step will bring you nearer to the King. There is now no barrier but this ruined spendthrift. The task to win Maritana was more difficult than I anticipated, but the name of the Queen at last achieved my triumph.

*Enter LAZARILLO, D. R. 2 E.*

LAZA. You sent for me, Signor.

DON J. Yes. Come near me my, good lad. Are your parents living?

LAZA. Alas, sir, no.

DON J. What friends have you?

LAZA. None—at least but one, and he is condemned to die to day, and for me—for me.

DON J. You mean Don Cæsar; he is, indeed, your friend. At his request I have promised to take you at once into my service.

LAZA. At once ! Oh, sir, while Don Cæsar lives, let me tender him my unworthy service.

DON J. (*aside*) Faithful child! he is one that may be trusted, (*aloud*) Be it so ; to-morrow, then, you will form a part of my household.

LAZA. And to-morrow I shall be devoted to your service as truly as I am to Don Cæsar to-day.

DON J. Go, then, and send hither the soldiers that Don Cæsar has invited as guests.

LAZARILLO *bows and exit*, R. D.

(*Clock now at six.*)

DON J. (*taking some papers from his pocket*) Hem! a pardon for Don Cæsar. Poor Charles! It is as well that he should do an occasional good action, particularly when his minister has the credit of it. A subject is condemned to death—the King's heart is touched—of course, on the advice of his minister—a pardon is signed, of course dictated by the minister. By—by one of those inexplicable accidents which occur—no one but the minister knows how—the pardon arrives an hour too late. It is a sad affair! Don Caesar is to be executed at seven—the pardon will arrive at eight; but King and minister will be blessed for the exercise of clemency.

*Enter LAZARILLO, R.D.S.E.*

LAZA. (*announcing*) The guard, Signor. (*music*)

*He retires to the back, and makes a sign to SERVANTS, who bring forward a table richly served. SOLDIERS enter on opposite side ; they come down R. and L. and sit.*

CHORUS *of* SOLDIERS.

Comrades ! when the martial drum  
Wakes us from our slumbers,  
And leaders cry, " The foe—they come !"  
We charge, nor fear their numbers.

For then our path, tho' gory,  
Is still the way to glory.  
Comrades, who could fear, &c.

Comrades! when the muffled drum,  
Sounds to mar our gladness,  
And tells some mortal's hour is come,  
Our hearts are filled with sadness.  
Though his death be gory,  
It has no ray of glory, &c, &c.

*At the end, DONCÆSAR enters, magnificently dressed, L. 2 B,*

DON C. Well, Don Jose, are velvet and gold thrown away upon me? How do they become me?

DON J. Famously. See, the banquet is prepared, and guests assembled.

DON C. Ah! wine and gold! The pleasures of my past life seem to be brought back to me! Every thing but lovely women. Women—that word reminds me of my approaching marriage.

DON J. True; time wears. In a few minutes I will have the pleasure of presenting you to your bride.

*Exit, R. D.*

DON C. (*to SOLDIERS*) Now, friends, fall to. (*glances at clock*) I am compelled, by an appointment of some moment, to limit our revel. (*they all sit, C, and fill their glasses*) Ah! wine! my old and early friend, (*holding up his glass*) 'Tis long since you and I have met. Pretenders to thy name have often wooed and won me, but thou art the true descendant of the vine. Thy rich breath floats about my nostrils, and tempts me to embrace thee. Now, comrades, fill—each to the brim—and pledge me to the health of the Countess de Bazan!

ALL. The Countess de Bazan! (*all rise*)

DON C. The Countess de Bazan and her happy widowhood! (*drinks*) Music alone should sound the requiem of such a draught. Come; the song!

#### A DRINKING CHORUS.

##### I.

Bright wine is the spell, boys, 'gainst every care,  
You'll find each delight that you seek is hid there;

We topers ne'er think how the hours decline,  
When the glass of old Time runs smoothly with wine.

*Pause. Clock strikes for half-past Six.*

Hurrah! Hurrah!

LOPEZ. (*enters, announcing*) My lord, the Judge !

DON C. Indeed! admit him, by all means. (*music*)

*Exit LOPEZ—The JUDGE and four ALGUAZILS enter, R. D:  
DONCÆSAR bows to him with great respect.*

JUDGE. Don Caesar de Bazan. (DON CÆSAR bows and hands a chair—the JUDGE reading) " The King graciously accords to Don Caesar de Bazan, Count de Garofa, his royal mercy; the Count will not suffer by the hands of the common executioner, his Majesty having been graciously pleased to command that Don Caesar shall be led into the barrack yard, and there shot by a detachment of the Royal Guard."

*The JUDGE gives paper to the OFFICER, and retires solemnly.  
DON CESAR salutes him. The SOLDIERS seem struck with consternation.*

*(Clock now a quarter to seven)*

DON C. (*sitting down as if nothing had happened*) Now, comrades, we 've just time for the other verse.

II.

The bacchanal asketh no tear drops for him ;  
Whilst goblets can weep, boys, no eye should be dim;  
For he that hath worshipped at Bacchus's shrine  
Would only be mourned by the tears of the vine.

*(Pause)*

Hurrah! Hurrah!

LAZARILLO, *during the singing moves off the guns and returns with them before the end.*

SOLDIERS. Don Cæsar de Bazan ! [*Drink.*

*(Organ heard)*

DON. C. (*rising*) My wife! (*to the SOLDIERS*) It is the Countess de Bazan.

*(Clock now ten minutes to seven)*

*The SOLDIERS rise from table and go off, R. D. DON JOSE enters, leading in MARITANA, closely veiled. PEDRO following.*

DON. J. (*aside to DON CESAR*) Not a word, not a look.

DON. C. A look would be vain indeed! 'Twould be a piercing glance that could penetrate that veil.

DON. J. Don Cæsar, your bride waits your hand.

DON. C. (*takes her hand*) It's tolerably soft, and gives me some curiosity to know if so small a hand belongs to a wrinkled face. (*tries to look through the veil*) I never saw a woman so muffled in my life. (*DONJOSE points to clock—aside*) True, what matter? but ten minutes more. (*aloud and gallantly*) Madam, to you I devote the rest of my existence.

*Organ Music. DON CESAR leads MARITANA out, followed by LAZARILLO, R.*

DON. J. (*to PEDRO*) Admit the Marquis de Rotondo and his wife.

*Exit R., following DON CESAR.*

PEDRO *ushers in the MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS DE ROTONDO, L. 2 E., and exit, L. The MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS look about them with an air of amazement; they then meet face to face, and look at each other.*

MARQ. Where on earth can we be?

MARCH. Is it a prison?

MARQ. A prison! (*looking round*) No, it can't be a prison, for this isn't prison fare; a *fricandeau*, or my nose deceives me.

MARCH. IS it a monastery?

MARQ. Ah! it's more like a monastery, (*taking up a bottle of wine and looking at it*) Some wine still left! Then it's not a monastery; your true monk wouldn't leave enough to drown a thirsty spider.

MARCH. What place can it be?

MARQ. No matter, dearest, we have done as Don Jose desired us, and that is enough; he told us to get into a carriage, and we did; he said we should be taken somewhere, and we are taken somewhere.

MARCH. That's all very well; but why are you the mere

puppet of Don Jose ? You can do nothing without him ; all you possess seems to be at the disposal of Don Jose.

MARQ. Madam, do not despise that sacred sentiment which goes by the euphonious name of Gratitude! What were we until we knew Don Jose ? I rich, but obscure; you lovely, but unappreciated ; my merits were undiscovered, your beauty nobody could ever see. Was it not Don Jose who got me the appointment of governor general of his majesty's poultry?—aviary, I mean.

MARCH. What has a marquis to do with hatching turkeys ?

MARQ. Marchioness, speak more reverently of incubation. For the honour Don Jose conferred on me, I have sworn to devote myself to the wishes of Don Jose, and to comply with all, however incomprehensible he may appear.

MARCH. But this blind obedience might affect your honour; it might affect mine.

MARQ. Your honour! Let any one attack your honour, and this good sword, rusting in honourable repose, will leap from its scabbard. Who has assailed my beautiful, my best ?

MARCH. Who would have dared—who would have looked me in the face and spoken of love ?

MARQ. Ah! you are ever the best protectress of your beauty. Time treads upon your cheek without leaving a wrinkle; that face can never lose its charms; your beauty's still the theme of all who share my dinners and my wine; how they have praised your youthful air for the last thirty years. (*kisses her*)

MARCH. Fie! some one is coming: now, perhaps, we shall discover where we are.

*Enter DON JOSE, leading MARITANA, R. D.*

DON. J. I wish you joy, Marquis. (MARQUIS *bows*) You had better now return to your palace at Saint Fernando, with the Countess de Bazan, your niece. (*passes her across to R. C.*)

MARQ. (*aside*) My niece ?

MARCH. (*aside*) What does all this mean ?

(*Clock strikes seven*)

DON. J. You will return with *your niece*, whom you have not seen for the *last five* years.

MARQ. Five years! yes, I think it rather longer than that.

Shall I have the honour of receiving my nephew the count, the lady's husband ?

DON. J. The lady's husband is—

*(A discharge of musketry without)*

MARIT. *(starts)* What's that ?

DON. J. Hum! nothing.

OFFICER. *(entering R.)* My lord, your orders—

DON. J. Hush ! *(aside)* Farewell, Don Cæsar !

*Tableau—Distant Drum and Trumpet.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Summer Pavilion in the Palace of the MARQUIS DE ROTONDO.—Moonlight—garden at lack—candelabras, &c, lighted on stage.*

*Dancing going on in different parts of stage. MARITANA seated c, and a group of CAVALIERS are standing round her. DON JOSE standing opposite to her, with his eyes fixed on her, L. The MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS paying attention to their various guests. LORDS and LADIES promenading. Music, which dies away as they dance up.*

1ST. CAV. *(to MARQUIS)* Upon my honour, Marquis, I never saw the Marchioness looking so well.

2ND CAV. And so youthful.

MARCH. Really, gentlemen, your compliments overpower me.

MARQ. *(aside)* How unanimous they all are! *(aloud)* You must really come and dine with me to-morrow: I want your opinion of some wine of a rare quality, and you show so much taste in other matters, that I should value your opinion very much. Women and wine, you know—a judge of the one is generally a judge of the other.

DON J. *(still gazing on MARITANA)* Thoughtful and musing! Ah! that's well!

MARQ. (*going up to him*) Well, my lord, do you admire the fete? The women are lovely, are they not? By the bye, speaking of lovely women, have you seen my Marchioness? Your lordship's eyes seem fixed on—hem! my niece.

DON J. Yes; how well she sustains her new dignity! I really think that you and I have only rectified a little error of destiny, in placing her in the position which is evidently the one for which nature intended her: what is your opinion?

MARQ. My opinion is, that your lordship's opinion is my opinion, and that you are perfectly right.

DON J. Ah, Marquis, you are quite a courtier, your tact is unrivalled. How go on his Majesty's birds, of which you are the governor?

MARQ. I am proud to say, that since I have been at the head of the establishment, the royal birds have reached an unprecedented plumpness.

DON J. By the bye, Don Carlo is seriously ill, and if his appointment should become vacant, pray remind me of it.

MARQ. Oh, this is too much! Don Carlo, grand master of the royal lap-dogs! Oh, could I ever aspire to such a dignity—chief of the precious pets! Can I be worthy of such a position?

DON J. Your peculiar talents design you for the situation. (*pointing to MARCHIONESS*) But, my dear Marquis, do you see those two young tall gallants paying attention to that lovely wife of yours? Upon my honour, I think she grows younger every day. (*he approaches MARITANA*)

MARQ. He, too, is struck with the beauty of my wife; poor young creature, she little knows the havoc she is making with her charms!

DON J. (*to MARITANA*) You seem thoughtful; are you not pleased with the fete? There is all that wealth and taste could bring together; nothing is wanting.

MARIT. (*partly aside*) Nothing is wanting but one whose absence leaves a void within my heart, and makes me loathe the splendour which surrounds me.

A SERVANT *comes down and speaks aside to DON JOSE.*

SER. The person whom your lordship expected has arrived, (*goes up*)

DONJ. 'Tis well, (*aside to MARQUIS*) Get rid of these people at once.

MARQ. (*aside*) At once! that's rather unceremonious, but it must be done. (*aloud*) Gentlemen, pray lead your partners to the adjoining room; there is something provided there, which I flatter myself will gratify and astonish you. (*aside*) Sandwiches and wine!

(*Music. All the GUESTS go off, L. C.*)

It was necessary to get rid of them, as Don Jose desired it; that wine must do it. (*the MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS are about to follow guests, when DONJOSE stops them*)

DON J. The lovely Countess had better remain here; will you also oblige me by doing so, my good host?

MARQ. Certainly, it is we that are obliged; I am particularly obliged.

DON J. (*aside to MARITANA*) This fete shall be complete, even "to his presence whose absence leaves a void, and makes this splendour nothing."

*Exit, leading MARCHIONESS, L. C.*

MARIT. (*to MARQUIS*) Did you hear his lordship's last words? You are the host—'tis you that invite the guests—will it be as Don Jose has promised?

MARQ. I dare say it will. (*aside*) I did not hear what Don Jose said, but I think it was my duty nevertheless to echo it.

MARIT. What does all this mean? Why this mystery? This marriage, which I was told was the wish of the Queen, my gracious benefactress? If I ask to see the Queen, I am told to wait. If I inquire where is the husband to whom I was so mysteriously united—whether he is an exile, whether he is alive, when he will return—I am told to wait; always the same reply. Tell me, Marquis, am I deceived? has Don Jose been deceiving me?

MARQ. I hope not; for if he has deceived you he is capable of deceiving me, and my hopes with regard to the royal lap-dogs would be blighted for ever; but have you never seen your husband since you married him?

MARIT. I did not see him then.

MARQ. Your love must have been particularly blind.

MARIT. Not so: it was his generosity that I admired, that inspired in me the strongest interest towards him; for my sake he has suffered much, perhaps suffers now. I will

demand of Don Jose when shall I see the Queen ? when shall I see my husband ?

DON JOSE, C. *has entered during the last speech.*

DON J. (*coming down C.*) I am glad I am just in time to answer the question, lady; you shall see your husband to-day.

MARIT. To-day ?

MARQ. (*aside to DON JOSE*) Isn't he dead, then, after all ?

DON J. Silence!

MARIT. Surely, Count, I must have misunderstood you.

DON J. Be calm, and listen to what I am about to say.

MARQ. Now I shall hear something—now, then.

*He is approaching to listen, when DON JOSE makes a sign to him to retire; he does so with an air of disappointment, bowed up C. by DON JOSE.*

MARIT. You wished us to be alone ; now let me hear of my husband.

DON J. (R.) He is at hand.

*The KING enters C. from R.*

DON. J. He is compelled to keep himself concealed, being in hourly danger from the law ; for your sake, and your sake alone, he has ventured here. (*crosses up L.*)

MARIT. Oh, we will find him a place of refuge! where is he?

DON J. Here!

*The KING advances, puts his cloak off on chair, R. C. MARI-TANA recoils with an exclamation.*

KING. (R.) Lady ! Maritana! Do you not recollect me?

MARIT. (*aside*) He! (*to DON JOSE*) That is not my husband. He to whom I gave my hand was—

DON J. (L.) (*aside*) Don Caesar de Bazan—behold him there!

MARIT. No, no ! I never felt an interest but for one, and *he*, you told me, was Don Caesar.

DON J. I did but deceive you for your good. (*gets up, C.*)

MARIT. Oh, wretched Maritana!

KING. Do you not remember in the Public place, one whose eyes followed you wherever you moved; one who, of all the multitude around, was alone charmed by the melancholy of your songs ?

MARIT. I remember you, Signor. (*aside*) For I trembled whilst I sought his bounty.

KING. It was because I loved you; it was because my happiness was centred all in you, that I determined to raise you to the station which you coveted. I resolved that you should share my love and—

DON J. (C.) (*interrupting*) But being then proscribed, Don Caesar could offer you nothing but his name.

KING. But now we meet again under happier influences; give me but one word, one look, to bid me hope for your love, and you shall be my sovereign mistress. I will live for you, yes, for you alone. (*passionately*)

DON J. Don Caesar, remember, some one may overhear.

KING. Lovely Maritana, my return must be unknown, but my danger need not separate me from you; we can be happy separated from the world. Let us hence together,

MARIT. Together !

KING. A few miles from Madrid there is a retreat, where love may revel in security ; thither let us fly.

DON J. (*looking off, R.*) You must not delay; the guests will soon grow weary of the dance.

KING. My Maritana, come! Why this ungenerous hesitation ?

MARIT. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! (*aloud*) But to leave thus suddenly, without even saying farewell to the Marquis.

DON J. (*aside*) The guests are returning. (*aloud*) Don Caesar, the Countess is right. It might awaken suspicion if she were to quit the fete thus suddenly. She will follow you.

KING. A carriage will be waiting at the door of yonder garden. Remember, your lover—(DON JOSE *looks at him*) *your husband* waits for you.

DON J. Some one comes, quick, quick, begone !

*Music. Takes KING'S cloak from chair and puts it on him. LADIES and GENTLEMEN cross from L. to R.*

MARIT, Oh, I am justly punished ! how I hate these gauds, purchased, as they must be, by days of misery!

*Music. The KING exits rapidly, C. and off, R.*

*The MARCHIONESS enters, and at a signal from DON JOSE, leads out MARITANA, who is in tears, L. C.*

DON J. How every obstacle that stood between me and my desires melts into air !

DONCÆSAR *enters in the disguise of a monk, C. from L.*

DON C. (*approaching DON JOSE with great humility*) Alms for our monastery, son. (DON JOSE *crosses to L.*) So, Don Jose, here I am once more ! (*throwing off disguise and discovering himself*)

DON J. You ! Don Cæsar! not dead!

DON C. Not yet.

DON J. Who saved your life ?

DON C. You did, by rescuing me from the gallows.

DON J. But I saw you led out to execution; I heard the muskets.

DON C. So did I. (*aside*) And here are the bullets extracted in good time from the guns by my faithful Lazarillo. (*shows bag containing bullets*) Yes, here they are, six in number; they're better in my pocket than in my body. I never expected to receive them with so much satisfaction.

DON J. But you fell.

DON C. Of course I did; I could not do less when six gallant soldiers took the trouble to make me their target; I should have wounded their pride if I had made them think they had missed their aim.

DON J. I have been deceived.

DON C. And so have I; the illusion was so perfect, that I really thought I was dead, and, consequently, all my creditors paid, till I found myself among some of my old companions with a dice-box in my hand and a flagon before me.

DON J. Who can have betrayed me !

DON C. (*aside*) Thank heaven, he does not suspect the dear boy. (*sitting down unceremoniously—aloud*) There seems to be a fete here ?

DON J. There is. You are in danger! Why did you come?

DON C. I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. I happened to see a carriage with my own arms upon it, and on inquiry, I found it belonged to the Countess de Bazan ; so here I am. Where's my wife? for you know I've not much time to lose, if the sentence of that cursed edict is to be respected.

DON J. (*aside*) He is not aware of his pardon, (*aloud, with dignity*) Tell me, Don Cæsar, what are your plans ?

DON C. To see my wife; she's mine, and I may as well take possession; you gave her to me, and I have come to you, therefore, to profit by your benevolence.

DON J. (*aside*) Must all my designs be thus o'erthrown? No, it shall not be!

*Enter* MARQUIS, C. *from* L.

MARQ. My guests are merry fellows, they do nothing but drink to the Countess de Bazan.

DON C. (R.) The deuce they do! the Countess de Bazan! my wife! where is she?

MARQ. I beg pardon, are you Don Cæsar? Are you the gentleman that is—not dead?

DON J. (L.) (*aside to* MARQUIS) Not a word, not another word; evince no astonishment at anything you hear or see. Do as I wish. (*crosses*, L.)

MARQ. And the lap-dogs?

DON J. Shall be you yours, (*crosses*) Don Cæsar, your rights are sacred, and they shall be respected; your wife, the Countess de Bazan, is here, and shall join you immediately. Wait for her. *Exit*, C. *and* L.

DON C. She comes, and I shall see her as I have seen her in my dreams, radiant in youth and beauty, (*the* MARQUIS *is going*) Stay near me, Sir, and support me, I am sure I shall require it, the rapture will be too much for me; that soft white hand haunts me like a spectre.

*Enter* DON JOSE *leading in* MARCHIONESS, C. *from* L.

MARS. (*to* DON CÆSAR) Don't agitate yourself, be calm. I know what it is to await the coming of a lovely woman. I have a marchioness!

DON. J. (*looking significantly at* MARQUIS) Don Cæsar, behold the Countess de Bazan. (*presents* MARCHIONESS)

DON C. The Countess—the devil!

MARQ. (*aside*) He's giving him my wife! (*the* MARCHIONESS *smiles*) She likes it!

DON. C. (*bows formally—aside*) No wonder she wore a veil! sixty, by the mass!

MARQ. He's struck with her!

DON C. (*to* MARQUIS) Will you—will you show me the nearest way to the door?

DON. J. Don Cæsar, the Countess de Bazan is prepared

to fulfill all the duties of a wife to him—who has right to demand them.

DON. C. I trust she will make no sacrifice on my account. (MARCHIONESS *turns away*. To DON JOSE) You can make out another warrant for my execution; I should prefer it to this. (to MARQUIS) My good friend, did you ever see such a perfect Gorgon? Frightful, isn't she ?

MARQ. Frightful, Don Caesar ? (*aside*) The man's troubles have ruined his eyesight.

DON J. The Countess awaits your bidding. She is prepared to share your state and fortunes.

DON C. Madam, I will not take advantage of the accident of fate, charmed as I must be at the generosity of her who would share the lot of so poor, so dunned, so desperate a libertine as myself.

DON J. She knew your position when she consented to the union.

DON C. Did she ? Then I will not be outdone in generosity (*crosses*, C.) Madam, I will not take you from those to whom you are endeared by years (*looks at her*), long years of tender association. At your age—I mean—that is—in fact, madam, I free you from every tie; I am no longer a husband. (*crosses* R. C. TO MARQUIS) Did you ever see such infernal wrinkles ?

MARQ. Dimples, Sir, dimples ! (*aside*) I shall betray myself and lose the lap-dogs.

DON C. Perhaps, Madam, at some distant period—some very distant period—(*she turns to him*) No, I can never venture. (To MARQUIS) As a reasonable man, Marquis, I ask you, if, on any consideration in the world, you would call that venerable woman—wife ?

MARQ. Hem ! (*aside*) This is too bad. (*aloud*) If you don't like her yourself, you needn't make other people dissatisfied.

DON C. Other people ! Is there any foo—pray let me not stand in anybody's way.

DON J. (*who has conversed apart with the MARCHIONESS*) Come, let us end this business ; (*crosses* L.) you know, Don Cæsar, that the object of this marriage was your title and not yourself.

DON C. I am willing to stand by *that* bargain.

DON J. At your nuptials you had scarcely ten minutes to live.

DON C. Ah! I was happier then than I am now.

DON J. The Countess does not love you.

DON C. What wonderful unanimity in man and wife !

DON J. Your chains may yet be golden ones ; your wife is rich, you have nothing.

DON C. Your estimate of my property is singularly exact.

DON J. You shall have a pension of six thousand piastres if you quit Madrid for ever.

DON C. Quit Madrid ? the city of my birth! the home of my creditors !—the last apostrophe has decided me, I'll go.

DON J. You must also renounce all right acquired by your marriage.

DON C. Forego the bliss of—(*peeps at the MARCHIONESS*) It's a bargain.

DON J. Will you sign a paper to that effect ?

DON C. (*hurries to table, R.*) Will I ? Dictate the terms—the more binding the better.

DON J. (*dictating*) Don Caesar, Count de Garofa, engages, on the honour of a gentleman to quit Madrid for ever.

DON C. (*pauses*) For ever; my poor creditors!

DON J. And renounces the Countess de Bazan, his wife.

DON C. Six thousand piastres for that! I would have purchased the same advantages at double the amount. (*writes*) My wife.

DON. J. Never to claim the name of husband.

DON C. Oh, never, never!

DON J. Sign.

DON C. Don C—

A SERVANT *enters at back, and calls L.C.*

SER. The carriage of the Countess de Bazan.

DON C. (*pauses*) Eh!

DON. J. Sign, sign, Don Cæsar. (*goes up to him*)

SER. Make way for the Countess de Bazan.

MARITANA *passes at back from L. to R., attended by NOBLES.*

DON C. I have been deceived; what do I see ?

MARITANA *exits R. C. DONCÆSAR is about to follow, when DON JOSE interposes.*

DON J. Stay, your signature! you have pledged the honour of a gentleman.

DON C. (*tears the paper*) I see the trick. There !

DON J. Don Cæsar, remember you are a condemned criminal; a word from me would be the signal of your death.

DON C. Ah! at last you throw off the mask; now we understand each other.

DON J. Flight is still possible. I will aid you on one condition.

DON C. No ! no more shameful bargains.

DON J. Be warned! Pursue your wife a single step, and it will lead you to destruction.

DON C. She *is*, then, my wife ? Give me free passage, or I shall owe the law another life. Away !

*Pushes him aside, and rushes off C. and R.*

DON J. Ho ! guards !

*Drum—SOLDIERS enter, from L.*

Pursue that man ; if he resist, fire upon him immediately.

*MUSIC. General movement. Tableau.*

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE. I—*A Gothic Saloon furnished, windows and balcony, C, backed with balustrades and moonlight gardens, doors R. and L. A Madonna, R., chain, tables, &c.*

LAZARILLO *discovered, arranging table, R.*

LAZA. All is prepared for the arrival of Don Jose. What can be the meaning of these mysterious proceedings ? This house so suddenly engaged; this lady for whom he seems to entertain so great a respect ? Should the Queen hear of this, farewell to the count's hopes of conquest. Ah! he is here !

*Enter DON JOSE, L. 2 E.*

DON J. Has any one arrived ?

LAZA. Yes, my lord, the lady; she is now in that chamber.

DON J. The servants and horses ?

LAZA. Returned instantly to Madrid. Shall I announce your lordship ?

DON J. No. Do you remember the cavalier who addressed me yesterday, near the Escorial ?

LAZA. Yes, my lord; was it not the King ?

DON J. Silence! He will be here to-night; he alone must be admitted to this apartment.

LAZA. Should any others present themselves, my lord?

DON J. Refuse them admittance. If they insist, you have your arquebuss—use it.

LAZA. I will use it, my lord.

DON J. Go !

*Exit LAZARILLO, L. 2. E.*

This Don Cæsar, whom I thought dead—how did he escape ? His presence at this moment would ruin all. I will delay no longer; to-night shall see my plans accomplished. The King will be here anon, and I have already dispatched a message to the Queen, apprising her of her husband's infidelity. She comes to-night to the neighbouring palace of Aranguez; there will I seek her, and urge a suit, which, in revenge, she may accord me. (*a horn at a distance*) Ah! the signal of the King.

*Enter MARITANA, R. 2 E.*

MARIT. What means that ? Ah ! the Count de Santarem !

DON. J. (*with ceremony*) I trust that my orders have been punctually obeyed, madam ; there is nothing you require ?

MARIT. Nothing, nothing, I thank you.

DON. J. Then your bright dreams are realised ; you have title, splendor, homage. Did I not prophesy rightly, madam ? I have kept every promise.

MARIT. You have, Don Jose; though the Countess de Bazan already regrets the wishes of Maritana. (*weeps*)

DON. J. Wherefore ? why these tears ?

MARIT. Oh, think me not ungrateful to you and to the Queen : but 'midst the splendour which surrounds me, I often sigh for the free course and happy thoughts of the poor dancing girl.

DON. J. Hush!

*Enter LAZARILLO, L. 2 E.*

LAZA. *He* is here, my lord.

MARIT. Who ?

DON. J. Your husband, madam.

MARIT. My husband! (*weeps*)

*The KING enters, L. 2 E.—DON JOSE salutes him respectfully, and signs to LAZARILLO, and both exeunt, R.*

KING. (*aside*) At length we are together. (*aloud*) Maritana!

MARIT. (*aside*) Heaven! how I tremble, even at his voice!

KING. Why do you not answer me? why do you not approach me?

MARIT. Pardon me, my lord, but—

KING. Your lips are colourless; (*takes her hand*) your hand is icy as death.

MARIT. (*taking away her hand*) I—I—(*aside*) I cannot speak.

KING. Wherefore this chilling welcome? are you not happy?

MARIT. (*aside*) Happy! (*aloud*) How shall I answer you? Can you wonder at my uneasiness? Our strange marriage, the distance which separates us, the noble and the beggar; I still feel how much you are my superior; I dare not raise my eyes to yours; I—I—fear you.

KING. Fear me! (*with hauteur*) We would know—(*pauses*) Oh, Maritana, how you wrong me by such feelings! I love you, and would sacrifice all to know my love returned. (*kisses her hand, which she withdraws*)

MARIT. Oh!

KING. What? Don Jose told me you waited my coming with impatience. He has deceived me.

MARIT. Not you alone, my lord; I also have been deceived.

KING. How?

MARIT. By this union. The husband that he assigned me, was one proscribed and ruined; but still both brave and noble. His sword was ever the defender of the weak; his voice, the advocate of the oppressed; where'er he went, mirth followed after. A wanderer like myself, I felt almost his equal. I thought that he would know my heart, and from his memory of the past, forgive the errors of the present.

KING. Nor shall you be deceived. Each luxury shall

minister to your desires. My love shall be so prodigal, that in despite of all, you shall return my passion. (*embracing her*)

MARIT. (*disengaging herself*) Unhand me, count; unhand me.

KING. (*enraged*) I understand. You love another, Maritana; your heart, I thought, never beat with passion or desire. I am deceived. For this I've made you what you are ! Ingrate ! To your chamber, madam ; you must learn the duty you owe your lord and husband.

MARIT. I obey you; you have reason for your anger; I obey you, my lord and my master.

*Exit, R. D.*

KING. Doth she relent ? why should I hesitate ? (*going towards R. D.*) She may yet be won.

*A shot heard. DONCÆSAR enters over balcony, L. C.*

DON C. That's a villanous way to receive a guest. What the devil have I done to be continually made a target ? (*the KING retires and observes*)

LAZARILLO *enters unobserved, L. D., with an arquebuss in his hand.*

LAZA. (*starts*) Ah ! Don Cæsar! *Exit, L. D.*

DON C. Well! (*sees the KING*) Pardon, Signor, I had not the honour of seeing you till this moment.

KING. (*bows*) Why did you enter by that window ?

DON C. Well, Signor, simply because the door was shut!

KING. I am in no humour for jesting : what is your motive ?

DON C. A pardonable one. By the light of the moon, I saw in the next balcony a very pretty woman, and I wished to speak to her.

KING. What, Sir ?

DON C. I knocked at the door, the porter refused me admittance: how was I to get in ? There was but one opening, and that was this window; I was about to ascend, when whizz came a bullet through my hat. (*shows hole in hat*) Sacred hospitality, how you are insulted !

KING. What is your business with this lady ?

DON C. Pardon me, I never violate confidence; I merely wish—to see her—that's all.

KING. Impertinent ! I desire you to quit the room.

DON C. After the trouble I've had to get here? Are you—

KING. The master of this house.

DON C. The master of this house—hum! this house, where I have seen the Countess de Bazan !

KING. You know her, then ?

DON C. Very slightly; I've only seen her for about ten minutes. But, if she resides here, may I ask your name ?

KING. (*haughtily*) I am—(*pauses, looks at the door of Maritana's chamber*) I am Don Caesar de Bazan. (*sits*)

DON C. Eh ! Don Caesar de Bazan ! (*aside*) Egad ! I excel the Phoenix, for two Don Cæsars have arisen from my ashes.

*Enter LAZARILLO, D. L. 2. E.*

KING. Now that I have satisfied you, I demand to know your name.

DON C. (*aside*) The unblushing rascal!

LAZA. (*whispers aside to DON CÆSAR*) It is the King.

*Exit, L. D.*

KING. (*turns to him*) You hesitate, Sir.

DON C. (*aside*) The King here ! I understand all.

KING. My question embarrasses you. I demand an answer.

DON C. Certainly. If you are Don Caesar de Bazan, (*seats himself L. C. with dignity, and places his hat on his head*) I am the King of Spain.

KING. What! The King?

DON C. The—King—of—Spain.

KING. You!

DON C. (*tauntingly and pleasantly*) As surely as you are Don Cæsar de Bazan. Ah ! it astonishes you to see Majesty unattended at this hour of the night, at the door of a pretty woman who is not the Queen. There's nothing surprising in it, I assure you. I was out of spirits—Kings require relaxation sometimes; but not a word of this royal folly ; though with you, Don Caesar, I may rest satisfied. You will not betray our secret ?

KING. (*aside*) Insolent! Who can he be?

DON C. Ha! by the bye, I remember Don Cæsar—I know all my subjects—a witty, gallant fellow, somewhat of my own humour. He killed the captain of our guard in a duel, in spite of our royal edict. He was shot in the outer court of the barrack. (*rises and advances to the KING*) Be kind enough to answer me one question—If you are Don Cæsar, what right have you to be alive? If I were to denounce you, every loyal Spaniard would be ready to pink you. (*calmly*) But we will not betray you.

KING. (*rises*) Your Majesty forgets—

DON C. 'Tis possible. The keeper of the King's memory has gone hunting with the keeper of the King's conscience. But what has our Majesty forgotten?

KING. You forget that Don Cæsar received the pardon of the King.

DON C. Indeed!

KING. At eight o'clock on the night of his condemnation.

DON C. His pardon at eight! (*aside*) But I was shot at seven. (*aloud*) I remember; we did pardon Don Cæsar—an hour too late, (*aside*) though I don't grumble.

KING. You see it would be useless to denounce me.

DON C. As useless as for me to retain a title which does not belong to me.

KING. Then you are *not* the King of Spain?

DON C. No; you suspected as much, I suppose. Am I right?

KING. And you are—

*Enter LAZARILLO, L. D.*

DON C. A man who need not fear to meet a legion of Alguazils. I am—

LAZA. (*down, L.*) Sire, a private messenger.

*(kneels and gives letter)*

KING. (*crosses to LAZARILLO quickly*) What is this? (*reads*) Eh! treason! The Queen knows of my absence at the palace of Aranguez. My horse, boy; stay. (*aside to LAZARILLO*) You are attached to Don Jose?

LAZA. Yes, Sire.

KING. Keep close watch on that man. Let him be removed; and above all, learn his name. *Exit, L. D.*

LAZA. Don Caesar, is it you?

DON C. Yes, me that you rescued from a dishonourable death.

LAZA. I had nigh performed the office of executioner myself.

DON C. (*shows hat*) True.

LAZA. But I knew not that it was you. I—

DON C. Psha! could I doubt you, Lazarillo? But tell me, am I to leave this house?

LAZA. Such are my orders.

DON C. If I refuse—if I resist?

LAZA. Resist! Who will oppose you? There is no one here but myself; I am the servant of Don Caesar.

DON C. Good lad! should I ever grow rich—

LAZA. You will retain me in your service.

DON C. Service! you shall have a dozen lacqueys to wait on you; but, Lazarillo, there is a lady in this house?

LAZA. Yes.

DON C. I wish to see her—you must take me to her.

*Enter* MARITANA, R. D.

LAZA. She is here, my lord.

MARIT. A stranger!

DON C. Leave us, Lazarillo. (*Exit LAZARILLO, L. S. E.*)  
Well, madam, we have met at last—(*MARITANA starts at his voice and listens intently; as her recognition of him occurs, she evinces pleasure*) not without some trouble and some danger on my part. I've been hunted by a full pack of Alguazils, and fired at by a tolerably good marksman, and all for this interview.

MARIT. That voice!

DON C. You seem surprised; you do not know me, Maritana!

MARIT. You are—

DON C. Your husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

MARIT. You! (*regards him passionately*)

DON C. Maritana, I know all. You thought my death was certain; you paused not to acquire the title you coveted even in a prison. When you left the altar, you listened for the sounds that were to bring death to me, and liberty to you.

MARIT. (*horror stricken*) What say you ?

DON C. Thus did you to acquire title and a name, which you have consigned to infamy.

MARIT. Tis false ! I have never wronged my husband's honour, even in thought. (*tenderly*) But are you indeed my husband ? another has claimed the title of Don Caesar, and—

DON C. Mockery ! The King of Spain needs not the influence of so poor a name.

MARIT. The King of Spain !

DON C. Ay, the King of Spain ! Royal woers seldom sue in vain.

MARIT. Stay; prove to me your right to question, and I will answer all. What proof have you to give that you are not deceiving me—that you are my husband ?

DON C. What proof? My honour.

MARIT. Ah ! you spoke to me but once. Do you remember the words you then addressed to me ?

DON C. Perfectly, madam: "To you I devote the rest of my existence."

MARIT. You are my husband; those are the words you uttered! (*she is advancing—he repels her*)

DON C. Your pardon, madam; your royal lover brooks no rival.

MARIT. Oh, Don Cæsar—husband! let not my sufferings be thus repaid. Hear me, and then condemn me if you can. On the day—I—I saved you from the fury of the mob, Fate threw me in the way of one who professed an interest in my welfare, and told me he was commissioned by the Queen to raise me to the station I coveted. The means proposed were—

DON C. (*sarcastically*) Most honourable.

MARIT. Yes, most honourable; for in marrying you, I believed I wedded one who had professed a regard for me, (*tremulously*) one for whom I had felt a deeper interest than for any other being.

DON C. Are you deceiving ?

MARIT. Are these tears the offspring of deceit? (*seizes his hand and kneels*) Oh, husband! I have suffered for my pride; but be thou the judge how I have preserved thy honour. And if you find me faithless, kill me.

DON C. Fearful conditions, Maritana!

MARIT. I dare abide the issue. Oh, Don Cæsar ! you know not to what a thing of power that love has grown, which had its birth almost at the altar. The hours of fear and self-reproach which I have passed, have made your image an idol to my heart.

DON C. (*embracing her*) I must believe you, Maritana. Don Cæsar, the adventurer, is no more; the Count Garofa will live worthy of his name, since you must share it with him. (*drum heard*) Ah! soldiers approach the house.

MARIT. Then fly ; save yourself.

DON C. Fly, when the King is at your chamber door ?

HABIT. Fear not for me ; go seek the Queen. She is at Aranguez; tell her that Maritana is in danger. She will rescue me.

DON C. Not whilst I have a sword to second a stout heart.

MARIT. (*clinging to him*) I know how much I ask of you, who would rather trust to your own arm, than seek succour of a woman. But for my sake—for her who will prove how deeply she adores you—go to the Queen.

DON C. (*kisses her*) To the Queen !

*Exit c.*

*Organ heard. She kneels before a Madonna.*

LAZARILLO *enters* L. D. *organ ceases.*

LAZA. Madam, the King.

MARIT. What is to be done ? Do not leave me, Lazarillo.

LAZA. He will order me to withdraw.

MARIT. True, you must obey him ; but at least let me have some protection. (*takes a dagger from his girdle*) At the worst, this will free me from his power.

*The KING enters, L.*

KING. (*to LAZARILIO*) Where is the stranger that I left here?

LAZA. Gone, Sire.

KING. What has brought him here ?

LAZA. He had escaped from prison, Sire.

KING. Leave us. [LAZARILLO *looks at* MARITANA.

MARIT. Lazarillo, obey the orders of his Majesty.

*Exit LAZARILLO, L. D.*

KING. Majesty ! who has dared to betray me?

MARIT. He that has betrayed you, Sire, is the same who counselled you to commit a meanness unworthy of a King.

KING. How, madam!

MARIT. He who has made a mockery of the altar—who brought you to me as my husband, the Count de Bazan.

KING. Maritana, I am the King. My pride has long revolted at the deceit we practised on you. Now that you know me for what I am, listen to me.

MARIT. Leave me. Sire, I implore you.

KING. Leave you ! you—the only one I have ever truly loved ?

MARIT. Oh, Sire ! in pity go. Be generous—be merciful.

KING. But one embrace—one.

MARIT. (*draws dagger*) One step nearer, and I strike.

KING. What, Maritana am I so loathsome to you ?

MARIT. No, Sire; but I am wife of one who must find me worthy of him, or find me no more.

KING. Of whom speak you ?

MARIT. Of my husband, Don Caesar de Bazan.

KING. He is dead.

DON CÆSAR *enters, L. D.*

DON C. Not yet, Sire, thanks to your Majesty's gracious pardon.

MARIT. Ha ! (*crosses to him and throws dagger down*) My husband will protect me.

KING. Your husband !

DON CÆSAR *crosses R., locks both doors, and takes out keys.*

KING. What have you done, Sir ?

DON C. (R. D.) Locked the doors, Sire, that no one may enter—that no one may hear that to which we alone should listen. (*crosses C.*)

MARIT. (*aside*) What will be the end of this?

DON C. (*fiercely*) If the persecutor of my wife had been a gentleman and soldier like myself, I fear that I should have denied him even the chance of an encounter—I think that at once I should have dispatched him; for in such a case one does not look for reparation, but revenge; you,

Sire, are my King, (*presents his sword*) and thus do I disarm my vengeance.

KING. You are speaking, Sir, to the King of Spain.

DON C. To whom else should I speak? We cannot always subdue the will or restrain the hand. I will render both powerless. (*throws away sword*) But reparation must be made.

KING. (*with effort*) Proceed, Sir; your audacity pleases me.

MARIT. Remember, Don Cæsar, it is your King.

DON C. Yes, it is my King. Sire, this poor weak woman, against whom such power has combined, has sought the protection of our beloved Queen.

KING. The Queen!

DON C. Yes, Sire, I was her messenger to the Palace of Aranguez.

KING. Then you have seen the Queen ?

DON C. You shall hear, Sire. When I arrived at the palace, I was denied admittance: but, regardless of the guns of the sentinels—

MARIT. Ah! you have been in danger!

DON C. No ; you forget that I am bullet-proof.

KING. Well, well.

DON C. I climbed the garden wall; under the shadow of some trees, I crept close to a pavilion, whence proceeded two voices—that of a man and a woman's. The woman, though greatly moved, spoke proudly; the voice of the man trembled with passionate emotion. I heard this—"Madam, you are deceived—your husband meets his mistress to-night. Some officers of the King shall follow him to a secluded chateau in the forest, and bring you proof of his infidelity."

KING. Who has dared to place a watch upon my actions ?

DON C. The man was Don Jose de Santarem, your favourite minister ; the lady was—the Queen.

KING. 'Tis false ! if it were true—(*crosses towards door L.*)

DON C. (*coolly*) Your Majesty forgets that I have locked the doors.

KING. Traitor ! (*comes down, L.*)

DON C. I told you, Sire, that reparation must be made ; do you understand me now? The minister betrays his King, the subject would dishonour his Queen.

KING. Don Cæsar, on your allegiance open that door.

DON C. The wrong you would have inflicted on me, another now practices towards you; yet you cannot leave this room. (*the KING puts his hands to his face, and falls in a chair*) Each moment is an age of agony, and yet you cannot quit this place to satisfy your doubt. All that you made me suffer, you are now enduring; and yet you cannot stir but at my will.

KING. (*points to door*) Don Caesar, at your peril hesitate a moment longer.

DON C. This retribution is terrible, is it not ?

KING. Take up your sword ; (*rises*) I am a King no longer; your treason forces me to become your equal. Defend yourself, and save me from becoming an assassin.

MARIT. (*crosses C. and is put back by DON CÆSAR*) Oh, Sire, for heaven's sake !

KING. (L.) Take up your sword, or I will strike.

DON C. You will be too late.

KING. Too late! How ?

DON C. When did a Spanish gentleman hesitate to revenge an insult to his King ? Think you I have spared the man who would have made my dishonour the stepping-stone to yours ? No, Sire, I have struck. Sire, your honour is preserved. It is now your turn to deal with mine. (*kneels and points to MARITANA.*)

KING. (*raises him*) Rise, Don Cæsar.

*Drum heard, and cries of "The King! The King!" The doors are burst open, and NOBLES enter. LAZARILLO takes back chair.*

OFFICERS. It is the King.

KING. Yes, gentlemen, we have visited Don Caesar de Bazan, one of our most faithful servants, (*all seem surprised*) Don Cæsar de Bazan, we have appointed you Governor of Valencia.

DON C. The government of Granada is also vacant, Sire.

KING. Why rather Granada than Valencia ?

DON C. Granada is twice the distance from Madrid (*points to Maritana*), and that doubles the obligation ; and besides, there I've no creditors.

KING. (*smiles*) Be it as you wish. We appoint our faithful subject, Don Caesar de Bazan, Governor of Granada.

*Finale.*

Long live the King! Long live the King! Long live the King!  
Who e'er repays our love with love again,  
Let peace be joined to length of days,  
Let peace be joined to bless his happy reign.

SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS.

LADIES.

NOBLES.

NOBLES.

LADIES.

R. KING. DON CÆSAR *and* MARITANA *kneeling*, L.

THE END.